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Difficile est proprie communia dicere.

Hor.

The Second Edition.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-
Row. 1713. Price 2 d.

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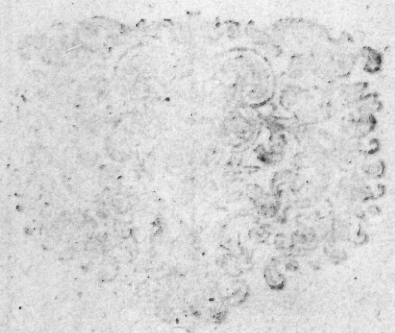
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Difficile est propriis communibus docere
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L O N D O N
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Rev. 1713. Price 2s.

A
T A L E.

R O B I N's
Tame *Pidgeons* turn'd Wild.

ROBIN, by some misterious Fate,
Had crept into a fine Estate,
Where two large Dove-Courts grac'd the Seat,
One Higher than the other stood,
Which still produc'd the fairest Brood,
Birds of bold Wing, and lofty Flight,
Of Stately Mien, and Colour Bright;
Where-e'er they lodg'd, no Waste was found,
They better'd ev'ry spot of Ground;
So very shy of being fed,
They rang'd Abroad for Daily Bread:
Yet no Complaint against them lay,
(A Bird occasion'ly might prey.)
The Lower Dove-House, far more large,
Prov'd to the Farm a constant Charge:
It had Five Hundred Holes at least,
In ev'ry other Hole a Nest
Of scragged Birds, ill-look'd, and poor,
Which always came at Robin's Lure:
He still contriv'd their Crops to fill,
And they had Tares and Pease at Will.

The

The Neighb'ring Gentry smil'd to see
 Robin's peculiar Husbandry,
 But yet seem'd much at his Command,
 Because his Pidgeons spar'd their Land.
 Others more freely told the Event
 Of such Prudential Management.
 Robin still sow'd but little Wheat,
 His Household had not Bread to eat.
 The Oxen kept their Ragged Coats.
 The Horses starv'd for want of Oats.
 The Geese and Turkeys in the Yard
 Pin'd for loose Corn, and hardly far'd.
 Most of this fine Estate ran wild,
 The richer Spots remain'd untill'd.
 Robin by th' Acre set the Grass,
 And for half Profit sign'd a Lease;
 The Copp'ces Cut, and Fell'd the Wood,
 And nought that fetch'd a Penny, stood:
 All this was for to buy in Pease,
 To keep his Pidgeons in good Case.
 As oft as Money was disburs'd
 For Pease, the Pidg'ons still were Curs'd;
 Robin however kept his Course,
 And went to Market with full Purse:
 Whenever any Pidgeon dy'd,
 That Loss was instantly supply'd;
 In Pairs he purchas'd commonly,
 But if the Colour pleas'd his Eye,
 The Price was fix'd, and strait he'd buy:

If any of this Breed fell Sick,
Robin was ne'er without a Trick,
 To make them brisk, and feed again,
 And try'd them with all sorts of Grain:
 He'd tinge their Water with deep Dye
 Of Saffron, which with Gold might vie
 To court their Eyes, and please the Taste,
 Besides a secret Yellow PASTE.

Robin's Oeconomy spread wide,
 Some prais'd, and some his Scheme decry'd;
 Few of the Swains knew his Design,
 Or what each *Pidgeon* brought him in.

The Dung they made, was what he most
 Depended on, and quitted Cost;
 The Richness of it nois'd Abroad,
 That ev'ry Farmer begg'd a Load.

When *Robin* e'er was destitute,
 By promis'd Loads he could recruit.

The *Pidgeons* before *Robin* came
 Being partly Wild, and partly Tame,
 He try'd to bring them all to Hand,
 And whistle them to his Command;

In th' Higher Dove-House very Few
 Own'd *Robin's* Call, or Whistle knew:

Robin would fain have brought one Home,
 Oft spread his Tares, and cry'd, *Tom, Tom,*
 The De'il a bit would fly *Tom* come:

Robin at last devis'd a Way
 To make the fullen Doves obey,
 Croppers, and Tumblers, with a motley Set
 Of Carriers smooth, and feather'd Feet,
 He plac'd amongst them to betray
 The wilder Birds, and show the Way;
 Some of these Foreign Doves turn'd Tail,
 And would not come to *Robin's* Stale:
 Another *Tom* perceiving these
 Glutted with Tares, and Sick of Pease,
 Wing'd off with Twenty Doves one Morn,
 Lurch'd *Robin*, and refus'd their Corn.
Robin was vex'd to see them flown,
 And thought they'd been entirely gone;
 Others, by their Example led,
 To Neighb'ring Fields in Couples fled;
 Yet some of these in two Days Flight
 Wheel'd round, and came to Roost at Night.
Robin displeas'd, resolv'd at last
 To cleanse each Hole, and save his Paste,
 Whilst this was doing, ev'ry Bird
 Flew off, and left poor *Bob* a T——rd.



F. I. N. I. S.